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SECLUSALVAL,

OR THE SEQUEL TO THE

TALE OF "JUDITH BENSADDI."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.

The purchase of my lands, and the improvement of Seclusalval, involved me in much expense that I was under the necessity of selling one of my gold mines. For reasons formerly explained, I resolved to sell them both, and to renounce all future connection with mining speculations. Immediately on my return from Georgia, after my fortunate discovery there, I sold my Caroline mine for thirty thousand dollars. I could have obtained a higher price, if it had been set for sale a few months sooner; for it was becoming less productive than it had been, although it still yielded a large profit.

My supply of cash was now sufficient to complete my scheme of improvements, and to leave me still a considerable surplus. I had before made arrangements to transfer my residence to a village about twenty-five miles from Seclusalval. Here I took up my abode now, that I might be near my beautiful valley. I preferred this new place of residence also on account of its agreeable society. Several families from the low country, had left their estates and settled in the neighborhood. The scenery was pleasant, and the climate salubrious; the nucleus of an intelligent and refined society, new families from below were yearly gathering. Literary institutions would naturally arise among such a people. An academy for boys had been founded and put into successful operation. But an attempt to raise funds for a female seminary had failed. The subscriptions were insufficient to erect the necessary buildings. The cause of the failure was an obstinate dispute about the location of the seminary; some desiring to place it in the village beside the academy, while others insisted that it should be located near a country church, lately erected at the distance of four miles from the village. The contest became so warm, that the whole scheme was abandoned. Thus it often happens, that a dispute about some incidental and subordinate matter, defeats the most important enterprises.

On my settlement at the village, I found several persons regretting the failure of so useful an undertaking. Now the question occurred to me, whether I was not morally bound to contribute, out of my abundance, to an object of such great and manifest utility. I was a bachelor indeed, and never expected to have a daughter to be educated; but circumstance seemed to increase my obligation to aid literary institutions; inasmuch as my exemption from the burden of a family afforded me the more abundant means to become a public benefactor. I was a member of the society of mankind, and no less than others dependent, for my welfare, upon the intelligence and the good morals of the people. Divine Providence had given me extraordinary success. For what end? Not surely that I might consume this affluent store on personal gratifications. And then I considered, what an amount of blessings would flow from a well endowed seminary for females; what expansion of intellect, what refinement of sentiment, what elevation of character, what new sources of happiness, to the individuals educated, through them to society and to posterity. The more I contemplated the object, the more did the feeling of obligation grow upon me. Finally, I thought of Judith Bensaddi; how much more charming, how much more useful, she was by reason of her excellent education. I drew forth her miniature by the golden chain to which I had attached it, and caught fresh inspiration from the sweet picture of my beloved. "I have lost her," (said I,) but she shall be my good genius on this occasion. I had thought of subscribing a moderate sum for the seminary;—now for her sake, I will make myself responsible for the undertaking. With the blessing of heaven I will be the founder of a seminary; and will make up all deficiencies in the contributions of others. The institution shall be complete, in every thing necessary to the good education of females."

Such was the conclusion of my meditations. I instantly set to work. I headed a subscription of two thousand dollars, which I bound myself to pay, upon the condition that double the sum was raised by others. I called meetings of the people, and addressed them earnestly on the subject. In a week my condition was complied with, and six thousand dollars were secured for the seminary. The location at the country church, was named in the paper, and was preferred by me on account both of the beauty of the situation, and its shorter distance from Seclusalval. It was in the valley that led up to my intended home. Seven gentlemen were nominated as trustees; of whom I refused to be one, because I was soon to be absent on a long peregrination, and because I was a young bachelor. A plan of the building

was soon agreed on, and contracts made for the erection of it without delay. I told the trustees to adopt a liberal scale of building, and if they fell short of funds, to consider me responsible for half the deficiency. Thus I had put a most benevolent enterprise into operation: and I felt a pleasure in reflecting on this good deed—a pleasure in some respects more heartfelt and consoling, than all the gratification that I had experienced from the treasures of my gold mines, or the delightful scenery of Seclusalval. It was a pleasure which, if less exhilarating at the moment, was felt to be of such durable stuff, that time could not wear it away, nor could misfortune poison its sweetness.

Before I had engaged in this labor of love, circumstances had directed my thoughts to the subject of a voyage to London. I desired to sell my Georgia gold mine, and to invest the proceeds in some productive stock. I was advised to sell in England, where speculation in gold and silver mines had risen almost to a mania. Mining companies had agents abroad, exploring America from Chili to Carolina in search of competition among the buyers. Though I had received constantly increasing offers for the purchase, yet none came up to what I considered a fair price.

Continued explorations had laid open the extent of the vein along the hill side, and proved the richness of the ore. Several mineralogists had examined it; two of these were agents of the Londoners, and all gave me satisfactory attestations of the value of the mine. These and all other needful documents being provided, I gave notice to the agents that I would sell the mine at auction in London about the first of August.

When I was prepared to set off, I made a parting visit to Seclusalval on the first day of June. My beautiful valley was putting on still new charms. A hundred varieties of trees, vines, shrubs and flowering plants, were blooming in the garden and about the margin of the lake. The meadow was green with its first crop of grass. Birds were rising in every grove. The cottage on Glenview was rising in beauty; and carpenters were busily constructing other cottages in pleasant situations. Baylor, my faithful steward, now recommended another improvement, which I adopted instantly. He had ascertained that the spring which flowed out of Craggyhead through the glen that opened by the side of Glenview, had its source at so high an elevation, that it might be conducted in my cottage for family use, and the overplus made to water the garden on the hill side.

"It is an excellent notion," (said I,) and I will order you a set of iron pipes in Philadelphia. Meanwhile, have the ditch made and the pipes laid in the course of the following winter. "It shall be done, sir," was the answer to this and all my orders to my worthy Baylor.

Having given directions about the various improvements to be made in my mountainous barony, I rode on horseback to the nearest stage-road and then travelled rapidly to New York, where I embarked for Liverpool in a packet ship on the fifteenth of June.

The thought of my going to London, where, as I supposed, my beloved Judith dwelt, kept her dear image more constantly and more vividly present to my mind, than it had been during the two last years of my busy and enterprising life. The renewed habit of meditating on this dear lost one, gave a strange susceptibility to my fancy. Often when I obtained but an imperfect view of some young lady of her size and somewhat like features, I conceived that it was Judith herself, and my heart fluttered as if the notion were not imaginary.

A notable instance of this sort occurred when our ship was leaving the harbor of New York. We met in the narrows a French ship from Bordeaux. The day was fine, and the passengers were on deck admiring the scenery of the noble bay. The near approach of the vessels turned attention of each party on the other. I was immediately struck with the appearance of a lady on the French ship. She was dressed in mourning; her form and stature first, then her black locks and dark eyes, (as they seemed to me,) reminded me of Judith Bensaddi. Her eyes seemed to be directed towards me individually. The more I looked at her, the more did I think her like my Judith. I was so fascinated by this apparition, that I forgot to use the telescope in my hand, until the vessels were full twenty rods apart.

When I directed the instrument towards this interesting object, I could get but a momentary glance of her features; but that glance put me in a tremor, for I saw those lovely dark eyes still fixed upon me, and the whole face was to my conception the face of my lost one. So persuaded was I for some minutes that it could be only she, that I would have returned instantly to the city, if an opportunity had been given me. But before the pilot left us in his boat, I had reasoned myself into doubt, as I soon after did into utter disbelief, of the truth of my impression. "How can I believe," (said I to myself,) that Judith of London, married, no doubt, and settled in her native country, should be just now landing at New York in a French ship from Bordeaux?" Thus I soon got rid of the agitation produced by the strange lady. By the end of the voyage I ceased to think of the circumstance.

On my arrival in London, I applied myself instantly to the business on which I had come. I called on the officers of several mining companies and exhibited my documents. I advertised the sale of my gold mine in three of the principal journals. My papers and statements were authenticated by two agents, and an American gentleman of science who had seen the mine and knew my character. Thus I was able to give purchasers the most ample assurance that all was right. Bidders manifested a high spirit of competition, and ran up the price to the unexpected sum of

twenty-five thousand pounds sterling, equivalent to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

Having thus successfully concluded my chief business, I spent a few days in making purchases of books, scientific apparatus, and various other articles, for myself or for the female academy. I was then prepared to leave London for Paris. But how could I stay a month in London, and not even inquire for my lost Judith? Yet I did so, though I did it with an aching heart. But, although I felt the most anxious curiosity to know her present state, I dreaded to learn it and although I longed most intensely to see her lovely face once more, yet I shrunk from an interview with one so beloved, when the sight of her, and the living look of those eyes that had awakened unquenchable love in my heart, could only pain me now and affect me beyond the power of self-control. To see her as the wife of another, was intolerable—I could not encounter the shock of feeling that such an interview must produce. Nor could I believe that she would meet me now, without the most distressing emotions.

Still, when I found myself on the eve of departure, and no remnant of business served to divert my thoughts from the tender theme; my heart began to smite me sorely, for having been so long in London, and at last intending to go away, never to return, without even a word of inquiry after Judith Bensaddi. She would not have treated me with such cruel neglect, had she known that I was so near her dwelling-place. I was aware, too, that I must feel exceeding unhappy, if I left my ardent curiosity unsatisfied, and learnt nothing of her, when I could so easily gain intelligence. I therefore resolved to call at her father's house in Piccadilly, and having obtained whatever intelligence I deemed interesting, to hasten away from a place that contained an object so painfully dear to my heart.

I had brought with me a memorandum which Judith gave me in Philadelphia, containing an exact description of the situation and appearance of her father's house. Guided by this, I found the house without difficulty. Just as I had satisfied myself that there was no mistake, and was approaching the door, I was startled by seeing a young gentleman come out with an elegantly dressed lady of Judith's size. A cold shudder ran through my nerves, when I conceived that this might be Judith and her husband. But I was soon relieved by a sight of the lady's blue eyes and light hair. When they had gone I stepped up to the door, and to my astonishment read upon the knocker the name—not of Nathan Bensaddi—but of Sir David Monteith. Yet this must be the very house described in the memorandum—remarkable in its appearance, and one of the most magnificent on this splendid street.

Presently I knocked and was admitted into the hall. From the porter I learned that Sir David Monteith had occupied the house but a few months, and that the previous occupant was the Jew named Bensaddi, as well as the porter could remember. I sent in my card to Sir David, requesting the favor of a brief interview. After I had waited ten minutes, I was ushered into a parlor, where I met a brawny red haired gentleman, who bowed with haughty coldness, and stood before me as if to signify, "What is your business, sir?" I took the hint, and instantly inquired, "Have I the honor to speak to Sir David Monteith?" "You have," and another cold bow. "I came to this house, sir, expecting to find it occupied by Mr. Bensaddi, the banker. I desired to see some of his family with whom I became acquainted two or three years ago, in America. Being a stranger in this city, I would take it as a favor if you would give me such information of him or his family, as might enable me to find them."

The cold haughtiness of Sir David relaxed immediately; he saw that I was not a designing nor an idle intruder. He asked me politely to be seated, and began to tell me several things in answer to my inquiries, until he gave me the intelligence of which the following statement expresses the substance.

"I will, with pleasure, give what information I possess, respecting Mr. Bensaddi and his family. It is a mournful story. I never knew any of his family, but I was personally acquainted with him in his character of banker. About two years ago I had some claims on him, and hearing of Edinburgh, where I then lived, some alarming accounts of his losses, I hastened to London to see him. He had lost heavy sums by failure of houses indebted to him; but so well satisfied of his safety, that I not only left what I had before in his hands, but increased the deposit to a considerable amount. No banker in the kingdom had more of the public confidence, both in respect to his personal uprightness and his sound condition as a banker. He seemed to have completely recovered from the shock, when about a year ago, I was astonished to learn his sudden and total bankruptcy. This catastrophe was caused by one of the most artfully contrived frauds, of two as nefarious villains as ever deserved a halter. The one of these was old Levi, a Jew, whom he had imprudently trusted too far as an agent, and lately as a small partner in the bank. This old villain combined with the other, who was no less than the son-in-law of Bensaddi himself. His name is Brannigan—a smooth-tongued hypocrite, who imposed on Miss Bensaddi by the most lamb-like airs, until he made her his wife. After he had drawn what he could from Bensaddi in the way of a dowry, and was admitted as a partner in the bank, he joined by Levi, and by embezzlement and other villainous manoeuvres, which have never been fully unfolded, they got most of Bensaddi's funds into their clutches, and the left him to meet all the demands of the creditors. So vast was the sum which they embezzled, that on settlement the remaining assets were found sufficient to pay the honest

creditors only twelve shillings in the pound. Now Bensaddi's amiable daughter came forward, and did an act which deserves to be engraven forever on brass and marble. She had a large fortune left her by an uncle. This, I presume, she retained in her own hands by the marriage settlement; for, although she was neither legally nor morally bound to pay her father's debts, yet she promptly came forward, and at the expense of her whole fortune, paid up all just claims to the utmost farthing, saying that she would rather labor for her daily bread, than see her father's creditors go unpaid. She separated from her villainous husband, I infer,—yet I do not know the particulars—however, when I came here to reside, about four months ago, I heard, with sorrow, that she had gone in bad health to the south of France, along with her father, whose health was also very low; and about two months ago, I was grieved to learn, that after burying her unfortunate parent, died of a broken heart, and was laid by her father's side."

Here my feelings overcame me, and I exclaimed, "Dead! Did you say that Judith Bensaddi is dead?"

"You mean Mrs. Brannigan, I presume. I grieve to say that she is unquestionably in her grave. I saw the fact announced in the papers." When the baronet thus solemnly confirmed the doleful intelligence, I groaned—I gasped for breath—my eyes grew dim—my ears tingled—and I was sinking into a swoon, when Sir David, observing my situation, sprang up and brought a glass of water, some of which he sprinkled on my face, and the rest he gave me to drink. This timely application revived me, and I gradually recovered the faculty of speech. I then felt it incumbent on me to explain the cause of my deep emotion at the news of my Judith's sad fate. I gave him, therefore, a succinct account of my acquaintance with her, including the chief incidents of our mournful love-story. He was so interested by the narrative, that he called in his lady and a beautiful blue eyed daughter of 18, and after presenting me to them, and explaining the object of my call at the house, he requested me to repeat my story to them. I did so, and went more fully into the particulars. I spoke with a natural pathos, prompted by my feelings, and so affected the ladies, that they wept at my story, and continued to shed tears for several minutes after I had concluded. This sympathy on their part, unsealed the fountains of my own tears, and I uttered my lamentations with a freedom, which nothing but the tears of my auditors could have justified in a stranger like myself. After our feelings had subsided a little, I rose to take my leave; but they pressed me to stay and spend the evening with them.

I staid several hours. Lady Monteith added some particulars that she had heard respecting the Bensaddi family and their misfortunes—all going to confirm my belief, that the hapless Judith had married an arch-deceiver, and had sunk to the grave in the flower of her youth, broken-hearted. "There at last," (said I to lady M.) "her many sorrows have come to an end—all lovely as she was in the beauties and the virtues of the earth, she is lovelier now, when arrayed in the un fading charms of a glorified spirit. It is selfishness, therefore, in me to complain of a dispensation of Heaven, which has taken her from a world that was not worthy of her, and has left me only this memorial of her lovely features." On saying these words, I took out the miniature from my bosom, and slipping the golden chain over my head, put the open picture into lady Monteith's hand. She expressed her admiration of the countenance, and handed the case to her daughter, who looked steadfastly at the portrait for a minute—then lifting her eyes glistening with tears, she said to me, "How unfortunate, that one so lovely should have been deceived into a fatal marriage, and thus taken from a gentleman who could appreciate her beauty and virtue, and would have made her happy. How unfortunate!" I felt that this was not a fashionable compliment, but the unstudied effusion of a sympathetic heart; and I loved the beautiful speaker, for the interest she took in my ill-fated love and its more ill-fated object.

When I expressed a desire to copy the article in the newspaper, which announced my Judith's melancholy death, a search was instantly made among Sir David's files, and the paper being produced, I read as follows:

"Died, at the village of Clairfont, in the South of France, on the 20th of last month, April, Nathan Bensaddi, late banker of London; and on the 30th of the same month, his daughter, the unhappy wife of Patrick Brannigan. She had gone with her father to seek health and retirement for him and for herself from unpropitious skies and more unpropitious connexions. But bright suns and kind strangers could neither restore their bodies to health, nor their hearts to enjoyment. They have found repose in the grave. This notice is sent by a surviving friend—that all who yet care for a once flourishing but now ruined family, may know the sad fate of the father and the daughter who trusted and were betrayed."

I felt so melancholy after, reading this notice, that I took leave of the worthy baronet and his family; although kindly invited to become their guest, during as many days as I might choose to remain in London. I could stay no longer in a city where such distressing intelligence came upon me, and where all was strange and now gloomy to imagination. I hurried over to Paris, where I spent a fortnight, and endeavored to divert my melancholy thoughts by looking at the gay sights of that metropolis of pleasure. But I had come in vain; unless it were that I purchased some books and other articles for my retreat in Seclusalval, to which I designed now to confine myself, as soon as I could make the necessary preparations. From Paris I went to the south, into the districts where wine and silk are cultivated. Here I engaged four protestant families to come over and settle on my estate. My object was to employ them in the culture of the vine and mul-

berry, in a warm sand valley of my estate—a place thought to be excellent adapted these productions. I visited Clairfont, and with difficulty found the obscure graves of Bensaddi and his daughter. No inscription marked the spot—no friend resorted to it with tears. The sexton, after some consideration, pointed out the two hillocks, side by side. "This (said he) is the father's and this the daughter's." "This, then (said I) is my Judith's grave!" It was all that I could say. I shed a thousand bitter tears on the holy earth; and having thus recorded my grief, I went to Bordeaux.

Near the last of September, I embarked with my colonists for Philadelphia, where we landed after a voyage of five weeks. Here I chartered a schooner to carry my colonists, my water pipes, and various articles of furniture to Charleston, the port most convenient to Seclusalval. I intended to go by land directly to my native country of Rockbridge, and after seeing my friends there, to continue my journey to Seclusalval, to travel thence no more, until I passed 'the bourne from which no traveller returns.'

In Philadelphia I made a safe investment of the greater part of the money obtained for my gold mine. The stocks which I purchased then and afterwards, would altogether, yield me a revenue of more than six thousand dollars a year.

CHAPTER IV.

In Philadelphia I took my lodgings at the hotel where Judith and I had spent the ten most interesting days of my life—where in sadness and in delight, we had lived like sister and brother—and where we finally separated with hearts intertwined and bound together in bonds of the purest and sweetest affection. Now, after an interval of three and a half years, I found myself again in the same house, but with feelings and under circumstances, O how changed!

I desired on my arrival, to visit the parlor which we then occupied, but was told that a family of strangers, with a sickly lady, were now in possession. Five days afterwards, when I was about to depart for the south, I again enquired about the parlor, and was told that the family were just leaving it, and would go off in the carriage and sulkey at the door. The same moment I saw a gentleman and four ladies passing out in travelling dresses. One of the ladies was dressed in deep mourning and wore a thick veil. My curiosity was excited. I also went out to look at the party. The lady in black was behind, and got in last. She seated herself so as to face my position; but the veil concealed her face. Just as the carriage began to move, she drew her veil aside, and what was my astonishment to recognize in her features, a strong resemblance of Judith Bensaddi! Her whole person agreed with the description of my buried Judith; her raven locks, her black eyes, her oval face—all were like my lost one. But before I could scan the resemblance, to see if it were perfect, she was driven off, and I was left trembling, amazed and unsatisfied. So far as I could judge, she was exactly like, probably the very lady, whom I had seen on board the French ship, when I was going out of the harbor of New-York. I could not believe that this was my poor Judith, risen from the dead; yet, laying all fancy aside, the resemblance was so evident, that I was sorely perplexed.

When my stupor of astonishment had somewhat abated, I went to the clerk at the bar and inquired the name of the family. He told me that they were the family of Dr. La Motte, of South Carolina, returning home from a tour in the north. I asked if the lady in black was a daughter of Dr. La Motte. "No," (said he) "I think she is the governess of the daughters, and that her name is—let me see—oh, here it is, in register—Miss Bersati." Here was another curious circumstance; the resemblance of the names; yet a difference, too. A painful curiosity to know more of this lady, was excited; but how to learn more was the difficulty; for nothing was known here of the family, except the few particulars already mentioned. I could not discover even the quarter of South Carolina in which Dr. La Motte resided.

I paid a mournful visit to the now vacated parlor. There was the identical sofa on which Judith and I had so often sat, while she nursed my sore ankle; there the very spot where we had mingled tears and throbs, and all the joys of our innocent love, on the night when we parted. I now felt the hallowed spot with an aching heart, and in few hours more was on my way again, by Lancaster, to my native Rock Bridge. I gave my parents and friends—my *alma mater*, my native hills and vales—a visit of two weeks; and then, as I supposed, 'a long and last farewell,'—and proceeded southward to shut myself up in my own Seclusalval, there to live and there to die, a mourner and recluse; not that I had made a vow to do so, or that I intended literally to imprison myself in my mountain-bound retreat. But there I expected to abide in seclusion from the wide world; and only to make excursions beyond the limits of my estate, when some important occasion should summon me away.

I arrived first at the village, near which the female academy was located. I received a hearty welcome from my friends there, and was gratified to see the walls of the academy in a state of considerable forwardness. The books and apparatus, bought in Europe for the institution, had just arrived, and were stored away until they should be wanted. The next day I proceeded to Seclusalval, and found every thing going on well. The parlor and library were already furnished; the hill-sides about the house were all trimmed and arranged in their garden style; mulberry, shrubs, trees, and plants of various kinds, had been growing in pots and boxes through the summer, ready to be set in their destined places in

doe season, so that by the next spring the garden would be complete. The other grounds and buildings would be in their finished state of improvement by the same time; so that Seclusaval would, the next season, exhibit innumerable beauties to charm the senses, and to make it one of the most delightful scenes of rural beauty in the world.

When my good steward, Baylor, led me into the parlor of my cottage, I remarked that he had arranged the furniture very tastefully. Among other things in this room, was a piano forte of German manufacture, which I had bought in New-York with other furniture, on my way to Europe. I had taken a fancy to this instrument, because its tones were remarkably sweet, and because in appearance it resembled the one in Charleston, on which my lost Judith had played the airs which so entranced my soul. But why should a lonely bachelor have an instrument which he could not play? Because, (said I to myself,) perhaps some lady visitor may, two or three times in a year, awaken its silent strings, and cheer my lonesome habitation.

When I saw the instrument now in its place, I said to Baylor, "This piano, I suppose, has never yet made music in Seclusaval." "Yes, sir," he replied, "I was just going to tell you about it. Just a week ago to-day, I was directing the men about a terrace in the garden, when I happened to cast my eye down the valley, and beheld a carriage and a sulkey were coming up the lake side, full of ladies, except the sulkey, which had an old gentleman in it. A young gentleman on horseback led the way. They stopped several times and looked all round, as if they were admiring the scenery—and well they might admire it, Mr. Garame. When they came near the foot of the garden, I went down and asked them if they would not drive up to the cottage." "Have you a good road up the hill?" said the old gentleman. "O yes, (said I,) two of them; you had better drive up this way by the glen side, and you can come down by the other side. You will then have all the beautiful views from the hill." So I led them up by the glen road. They kept looking about every way and praising the landscape—as they had reason to do, you know, Mr. Garame. When we got into the park, on the hill here behind the house, they stopped several times to enjoy the glimpses and vistas through the trees. You will say that I have improved them since you went away. I have cut a glimpse for the top of Craggyhead, and a vista for Rocky Nook cottage over the valley yonder. Well, when we got to the foot of the great tulip tree, out yonder, and the whole valley and mountains burst on their view at once, they cried out, "O, how beautiful!"

There was a lady in a black mourning dress, that seemed to be all in raptures at the landscape. When they had looked a little, and I could speak without interrupting them, I invited them into the house. They came into the parlor; but for some time they could not rest for going to the door, and looking through the window over the valley. Presently I asked the favor of the ladies to play on the piano and tell me if it was in good tune. First, a young lady in white played a tune very prettily. "That is a very sweet instrument, (said the black-eyed lady,) and it is in very good tune." Then she went and played herself, and such music I think I never heard. She sang a mournful song, "Mary's Dream," and when she had finished and left the piano, I saw tears falling from her eyes. The old lady, Mrs. La Motte, then began to ask about you. She said the people at the village below had praised Mr. Garame's beautiful valley so much that they had come up just to take a look at it. She finished by saying that you must be going to take a wife, as you were making such a beautiful home. "No, indeed," said I; "he told me that he intended to live a bachelor all his days." "Why, what is the matter?" said she, joking, "is he a woman hater?" "No, (said I,) he is an admirer and friend of the ladies; but I think from what I heard him say, that he once fell in love with a London lady, and somehow their love did not prosper—and having lost her, he expects never to love another." When I said this the beautiful lady in black suddenly burst out a crying, and ran out into the yard to hide her feelings. The rest of them went out too, and after they had comforted the lady in black, they returned into the parlor and said they must go. I had refreshments brought in. At first they only tasted them sparingly; but I told them to make free and help themselves plentifully; for that you would not be pleased with me, if I let genteel strangers go away without partaking liberally of the good things of Seclusaval. Then they ate and drank freely; and when they left the house, I mounted a horse and rode with them about the lavas, and took them up to the dark cascade. When we came back, I proposed that they should take a little voyage on the lake; they consented to be rowed into the Echoing Glen. When they again mounted their carriages to drive away, the old gentleman staid behind a little, talking with me about the valley. Presently, he alluded to the lady in black, and I found out that his object was to apologise for her breaking out so, when I mentioned your being crossed in love. He said that Miss Julia Bensadi, the lady in black, was in deep affliction; that she had lately lost her father, had lost her only brother before, and had, like you, been unfortunate in love. This was no doubt the reason, he said, why she was so affected, when she heard of your case. He told me that she was a very amiable and accomplished lady, bred in London, and once in prosperous circumstances there; and being now reduced to distress among strangers, and a lady of tender sensibility, she was easily overcome by her feelings when any thing reminded her of her misfortunes. When he had finished his apology for the strange behavior of the lady in black, he thanked me for my kindness and followed the company.

Such was my steward's account of the lady in black, and the reader will easily conjecture the impression that such a tissue of strange coincidences made on my mind. In spite of what I had heard and seen in London, I was almost persuaded that this lady in black could be no other than Judith Bensadi, with her name slightly changed, probably for some motive of concealment. There was one circumstance which had escaped my notice in the tumult of my feelings, when I first heard, in London, of Mrs. Brannigan's death. Judith had a sister married to a

Christian gentleman, whose name I had never heard; nor had I heard the name of the gentleman to whom Judith had engaged herself. Sir David Monteith—being acquainted with Mr. Bensadi's family, might possibly be mistaken in supposing that Mrs. Brannigan was the daughter who gave up her own fortune to pay her father's debts. This noble act was certainly done by Judith, whose uncle had left to her the fortune that she gave up. So that there did seem to be a possibility, after all, that my Judith might be alive. I regretted exceedingly, that, in the sudden perturbation of my feelings, I had not thought of Judith's sister while I was at Sir David Monteith's, and that I had left London without inquiring, or thinking to inquire, more particularly about the two sisters. Being left in some doubt now concerning my Judith's fate, I was prone to hope that the striking coincidences, both personal and historical, between this lady and my lost one, were not accidental. Judith, I felt sure would never have chosen to visit my dwelling without a previous explanation with me; but I could imagine plausible reasons to account for this circumstance, so inconsistent with the well known delicacy of her feelings. She could not object to coming with her employer's family, without giving a reason that would betray what she would rather conceal; and knowing that I was from home, she had no reason to object; for could she presume that the Mr. Garame of Seclusaval, was the same person as the poor student of Rockbridge, whom she had known and loved three years before?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMARKS OF MR. DUNCAN, At the Democratic National Convention.

Amid loud and repeated cries of "Duncan, Duncan,"

Mr. D. rose, and was received with loud and repeated cheers. He said that he felt more flattered now than he had ever done in his life. At the outskirts of this city he had met an old man with a broad axe on his shoulder, and he asked him where he was going. He replied, "I am going out to hew wooden razors to shave the dead Whigs with next fall." (Loud laughter.) He asked him if he was not going for Harrison and the Whigs. "No," said he, "not by a sight." "Well," said I, "what is to become of us all, suffering as we are from distress of every kind? Who will come to our relief?" "—the panic," he exclaimed, "if you would all work as I do, you would have no panic." He then went off under the impression that he had given me a proper rebuke. And I pursued my way, well satisfied with his reply. It is our political misfortune, as the Democratic party, to be beaten almost every day in the year, except one, and we generally succeed then, and shall do so next year. (Reiterated cheering.) He, (Mr. D.) would ask, what was the animal show we had yesterday? A friend of his, upon whose word and judgment he could rely, had occupied an eligible position for viewing the show as it passed down Market street, and he had counted the numbers which constituted it, and what he would ask, did gentlemen suppose they were? Why, 7604! Now, if we deducted all Presidents, Bankrupting lawyers, and all the idle dogs that paraded the streets on the occasion, how many log men would there be left? He endeavored to get an introduction to some of these gentry for the purpose of feeling their soft delicate hands. As soon as he had taken hold of them he was pretty careful to put his hand on his purse. (Laughter.) They would rob you if they had an opportunity, of all your Benton Mint Drops, and everything in the shape of money. You are contending with a foul faction under various banners, but whose principal banner is that of federalism. The contest, then, is Federalism against Democracy. You have a party to contend with who have one set of principles at one time and another at another. Mr. D. concluded by expressing his conviction that Martin Van Buren would be re-elected President of the United States, notwithstanding all the clamor and efforts that were making by the Federalists to elect Gen. Harrison.

THE "WHIG" HARBINGER.

The hard cider, the log cabin, the whiskey, and other matters which make up the sum of qualifications in the Federal "available," are backed by an incident which may be considered as a harbinger of the times we might expect, if Harrison were President. A Washington correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer, says: "It is a fact no less astounding than true, and the archives of the Government will place it beyond controversy, that J. C. S. HARRISON, the son of GEN. HARRISON, and a receiver of public money at Vincennes, in Ohio, was removed from office by President Jackson, because he was a DEFaulter to the amount of \$25,000 to the Government; and a large balance still remains due to the Government, notwithstanding Gen. Harrison was his security." Behold the auspices of the new administration! Behold the harbinger of Harrisonian reform!

Dr. Duncan says, and proves what he says by fair calculation,—Gen. Harrison has drawn more from the public treasury than a six horse team can haul, in hard dollars, over the Alleghany Mountains, on the national road. And yet his political friends claim for him the Presidency expressly on the ground that he is poor and needy.—Plymouth Rock.

A western editor excuses his lack of editorials by saying that his better (and bigger, probably,) half compels him to stay at home and tend the little one while she is round among the neighbors showing off her new calico dress!

From the Rochester Republican.

THE MAN WITH

"One Idea."

SCENE—A log cabin, two stories high, infested with Brussels carpeting, and covered with clapboards, painted white, with green window blinds—situated at North Bend, Ohio.

(ENTER A LOCOROCO.)

Loco. Good morning, Gen. H.; how is your health?

Gen. H. Well I am not exactly permitted to answer any questions until after election.—You are at liberty, however to ask "my committee."

L. If you are not permitted to answer all the interrogatories put to you, I presume you will not hesitate to answer such questions as are of moment to the country. Every candidate who allows himself to come before the people for their suffrages, is according to the democratic creed, and according to the spirit of our republican institutions, solemnly bound to give his views on all matters of political or national interest. I would therefore inquire what are your views on the subject of a National Bank?

Gen. H. I have no views, sir,—ask my committee.

L. But you must at any rate have formed an opinion on the subject of abolition. Are you in favor of the immediate abolition of slavery?

Gen. H. Ask my committee.

L. Are you an advocate of slavery?

Gen. H. Ask my committee.

L. Are you in favor of, or opposed to the sub treasury?

Gen. H. Ask my committee.

L. Did you actually vote to sell white men into slavery?

Gen. H. Ask my committee.

L. Did you run for the woods, and send back word to Croghan to abandon Fort Stephenson to the British, and follow your "discreet" example?

Gen. H. Ask my committee.

L. Is it a fact that the ladies of Chillicothe voted you a petticoat, and Croghan a sword, for gallantly defending a fort you had ordered him to abandon?

Gen. H. Ask my committee.

L. Did you encamp on the ground selected and pointed out to you by the hostile Indians, and were your men most cruelly cut to pieces, as the consequence?

Gen. H. Ask my committee.

L. Do you think you are fit to be President of the United States?

Gen. H. Ask my committee.

L. Who would discharge the duties of the office if you were to be elected?

Gen. H. My committee.

L. Do you think the people of the U. States are such consummate fools as to vote for a man who has but one idea? and that the property of a committee.

Gen. H. Ask my committee.

L. Who is it that has made you appear to the world like a stupid ass?

Gen. H. Ask my committee.

Loco. That's a fact—good bye to you.

FEDERAL CONSISTENCY.—The members of the modern whig party are a consistent, if not a rational, class of men. It is the easiest matter in the world for them to blow hot and cold with the same breath. When Gen. Jackson was first nominated for the Presidency, a great hue and cry was made about his age—that he was too far advanced in life to be a candidate for any office. But this argument, if argument it can be called, would seem to militate with double force against the federal candidate for the Presidency, as Gen. Harrison is several years older than was Gen. Jackson when first elected President. But we don't hear the supporters of Old Tip mention a word about his age—far from it.

Again: the federalists were horror-struck at the idea of making a President of a military man. Their principal leader, Henry Clay, once remarked—"Give us war, pestilence and famine, in preference to a military chieftain for President." But we find this same Harry, at the present day, exerting his influence to place General Harrison in the Presidential chair.—The beauties of federal whig consistency—don't mention the matter!—Hartford (Ct.) Advertiser.

WHIGGERY.—Were an individual merely to read the papers of the opposition party, they would be led to conclude at once that the people of the United States were going en masse for Gen. Harrison for President. Some of the federal editors surely manifest a zeal worthy a better cause in their exertions to make the people believe that Gen. Harrison is a man of superior talents and well worthy the support of our intelligent freeman for the highest office within their gift. For what are we called upon by the federalists to give our votes for the "Hero of Tip?" Is it because he voted to sell white men into slavery? or on account of that famous battle in which his name became "immortally associated with domestic flannel?"

We trust that every freeman will weigh well the merits of the two candidates before the people for the office of President. The federal party rely for success on gulling the great mass of the people, and practising the deceptions.—They intend to effect much by the continual cry of "hard cider," "log cabins," &c. These are all the arguments they have as yet brought forward, and from present indications, they are all they intend to. We opine these will prove stale before fall and consequently will work but few wonders.—Hartford (Ct.) Advertiser.

The N.Y. Atlas is prosecuted for a libel for showing up some of the genteel "soaplocks."

From the Baltimore Republican.

THE GALLED JADE WINCES.

The Patriot of last evening, contains a correspondence between Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, of this city, and the Hon. ALBERT SMITH, member of Congress from the State of Maine, on the subject of some remarks made by Mr. Smith at a meeting of the Democrats, in front of our office, on Wednesday evening last, which Mr. Johnson chose to consider as alluding to him. Mr. Johnson repairs to Washington and sends a note to Mr. Smith by that great cavalier the Honorable Daniel Jenifer, of Maryland, calling on Mr. Smith for an explanation. Mr. Smith, in reply, tells Mr. Johnson, with perfect promptness and truth, that he had not used his name and knew nothing about him; but that,

"While I was making a desultory speech from the office of the Baltimore Republican, and was alluding to the party which I felt in addressing the Democracy of Baltimore from the lead quarters of correct principles, and contrasting my position with those gentlemen who had spoken to the Whig multitude from the marble steps of the aristocratic palace in Monument Square, I think I closed a sentence substantially thus:—Whether the education of those persons were laid in the tears of widows and orphans or not."

We are glad that Mr. Johnson's friend, Mr. Jenifer, considered this "perfectly satisfactory," otherwise the member from Maine might, perchance, have met, from the hands of Mr. Johnson, with the same fate which his friend and fellow statesman, the lamented CILLEY, received at the hands of Mr. Johnson's friend (Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, two years ago. Some reminiscences of a painful character are involuntarily called up by this affair. It will be remembered by the citizens of Baltimore, that at this same "aristocratic palace in Monument Square," just two little weeks after the murder of CILLEY, a splendid route, or party was given to Mr. Graves and his two seconds, Messrs. Wise and Menifee, where the song and the joke, and the revelry, were kept up even until the blushing of the morn.

Young Men's Convention in Old Oxford.—There was a meeting of the democratic young men of Oxford county at Paris on the sixth inst. Hon. Job Prince was chairman, and Geo. W. Millett and Lee Strickland, Secretaries. The object of the meeting was to organize the democratic party in that county. The Convention was large and conducted with spirit, several addresses were made, resolutions passed, and things were done as the people of old Oxford always do them. The following friendly challenge was given to the democracy of Waldo.

Resolved, That we would give our sister Waldo a friendly caution, that, unless she puts forth an extra effort at the coming election, Oxford may stand where she now does, at the head of the list of Democratic Counties in the State. Come sister, let's see which of us, with the assistance of our sterling friends of Kennebec, shall neutralize her Federal vote.

The "bears" of the "benighted region" will be out of their dens next fall—when look out for consequences.—Bangor Democrat.

JOHN RUGGLES.—This apostate from the democratic party formally joined the Harrison band party at the boys' convention which assembled in the Whig-tem at Baltimore. He turned traitor three years ago, but his recent conversion of course, ranks in the first class of Whig victrols. He has for some time occupied the honorable position of being the end of the federal party. The democrats will Padlock the "unchanged democrat" next winter. The bob to Talmadge's kite will be bob but a little while longer.

There are laws in force in almost every State in the Union, which are not only tyrannical, but at variance with the principles of democracy. We will instance, for example, a law in operation in the State of South Carolina. An individual leaves this city, and takes up his residence in Charleston. He procures a boarding house, and goes about his business. The person who owns the house that his landlord occupies, calls upon him for a "quarter's rent," which he says he is unable to pay. What is to be done? Why, simply to attach all the trunks there are in the house and put them up at auction, the receipts of which go to pay the rent of the house. It is extremely difficult to find a redeeming quality in such a law, but it is one that is in existence, and put in force as occasion may require. An individual, a northerner, was once "taken in" in this way, and was obliged to buy his own trunk at auction, for which he paid sixty dollars. Truly, the "world is governed too much."—Hartford (Ct.) Advertiser.

QUERY.—If Gen. Harrison was such a great General, why is it that the people, the federal whigs or somebody, did not celebrate his victories, before they brought him out as a candidate for President? Will some federal whig explain this to the people?

A chap down town is continually making up faces, and gives his reason that his mother learnt him so to do when quite young, as said he was so homely that any face he could make would better his looks.—Hartford (Ct.) Advertiser.

Gen. HARRISON'S POVERTY.—We were told a day or two since, by a gentleman, (a whig) who had spent some time in Cincinnati, that Harrison was recently offered ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, for two hundred acres of his land at North Bend. He owns two THOUSAND acres at that point. What a miserable poor man he must be! And then he receives only SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS per year, as Clerk of the Court.—Ohio Statesman.

Locs is nizz.—There has been a recent rise in Maine timber lands, in consequence of the demand for logs for the cabins now in progress of erection all over the country.—Dispatch.

The whigs of our city say they intend to get high next fall by guzzling down hard cider. Well they have been low for a long time—they have succeeded in turning Jack, and now all the Democrats, and the consequence will be that they will get soundly beaten next fall.—Hartford (Ct.) Advertiser.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Boundary Question.

A Proposition from England.

We have some important news by the British Queen, in relation to the North Eastern Boundary Question. The English Government, it would seem, has been driven, at last, by the energetic course of our Government, to make a distinct and definite proposition on the subject, and despatches have undoubtedly been received at Washington, apprising our Authorities of the precise nature of the adjustment offered. From the statements and comments of the British Press it appears that the offer of England is to adopt the intermediate line of Boundary proposed in 1831 by the King of the Netherlands, and to pay the State of Maine \$200,000, or nearly a million of DOLLARS, for her right to the territory North of the St. Johns. This is the character of the offer, as we gather it from the British papers; from which we make below some copious extracts. If such is the truth concerning it, we shall probably have it soon, in an official form, from our own Government.

The following is an extract from the Manchester Guardian, of April 30th, an Administration paper. It will be seen that it makes some important admissions, concerning the rights of America upon the Boundary Question.—Eastern Argus.

From the Manchester Guardian April 30th.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.—Reports have recently become current, to the effect that ministers have agreed with the American minister upon a basis for the settlement of the long disputed boundary question, by the adoption of the intermediate line proposed by the King of the Netherlands, and the payment of a sum of \$200,000 to the state of Maine, by the British government. These rumors—for which we believe there is some foundation—have, of course set the conductors of the Tory press in motion, with the view of attacking the proposed arrangement,—just as they would have attacked any other course which ministers might have pursued in the matter. If they keep the question unsettled they are abused; if they propose to compromise it, they are abused; and if they were to propose to insist on the immediate surrender of the whole question by the American government, they would be much more loudly abused for plunging the country into a war in order to enforce a claim of very doubtful justice, to say the least. Of course the ground now taken is, that ministers ought to concede nothing; and the very parties who abuse and still abuse them, for not enforcing the award of the King of the Netherlands, fall into the ridiculous inconsistency of denouncing that award as exceedingly unjust towards England, and one that ought not to be submitted to. We think that before these parties attack ministers, they should make up their minds as to the course which ought to have been taken and not prefer charges manifestly inconsistent with each other.

In the Times of Monday last, there is an article on this subject, from which we make the following extracts:—

"For two or three days past we have observed some ugly symptoms of the manner in which our national interests and honor are likely to be treated under the name of a settlement of the North-East boundary question, so long at issue with the United States. If the truth and justice of that question were generally understood by Englishmen, it would be recognised as one which ought never to have been tolerated by any British statesman. We repeat, that no such thing as a question upon the rights of the British boundary ought ever to have been endured at all, and never would have been so, if British ministers had known and firmly discharged their duty. For if the spirit, or indeed, the express provisions of the treaty of 1783 had been thoroughly insisted on, they would have been found to designate and acknowledge as British territory all the country to the eastward, not merely of the St. Croix, but of the Penobscot also, out of which, by some means or other, England has since permitted herself to be juggled. In fact, the demand to stretch their boundary even to the St. John's has ever been, on the part of the people of Maine, most iniquitous and audacious—unopposed by common sense, and assuredly unsanctioned by any early construction of the terms of treaty which, in the year 1783, was signed by ministers personally ignorant of the territory which they personally but in their references to which they followed implicitly the received denominations and landmarks of that period."

The writer afterwards alludes to the reports which we have mentioned above, and adds,—

"Thus we are not merely to lose a large amount of that territory of which we have always, to this hour, held in possession; but, in consideration of the credit and advantage derived to England for that loss, we are further to pay down the fifth of a million sterling! On this, of course, we shall have to bolt a tirade of congratulations from Lord Palmerston."

Now, would it be believed by any but those who are conversant with the thorough profligacy of the Times, that the terms of the reported settlement are nearly identically the same as those of a plan suggested by that journal itself a few months ago?—the difference being merely this, that instead of giving £200,000, the Times proposed to surrender to the State of Maine that part of the province of New Brunswick which lies between the St. Croix and the St. John, comprising the town of Fredericton, and a very considerable extent of improved and cultivated land, very far beyond the value of £200,000, to say nothing of abandoning a number of British subjects to a foreign government,—an act which would be far more shameful and afflictive than any mere cession of territory, or grant of pecuniary indemnity. But, at the period when the Times proposed its plan, there was nothing to be gained by a misrepresentation of the facts, or by a preference of

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any one plan of settlement to another. Ministers had not then given any indication of the course which they were disposed to pursue; but, having now apparently adopted the basis of the very plan suggested by the Times, that journal, with its characteristic dishonesty, turns round and abuses its own schemes denouncing them as derogatory to the honor and fatal to the interests of the country. And so the Times would abuse any other plan of settlement that could be suggested, provided only that ministers were to show an inclination to adopt it.

As much blame has been attempted to be cast upon the English ministers of 1831, for not having enforced the award of the King of the Netherlands, all unjust as that award is alleged to have been towards this country,—we may here observe that it is perfectly clear that ministers had neither the right nor the power to enforce it.

The question submitted to the King of the Netherlands was, simply, whether the English or the American interpretation of the treaty of 1783, was the correct one; he had no authority to decide on any intermediate course and, as soon as his decision was made known, Mr. Preble, the American minister at the Hague, romonstrated against it; on the ground that it went beyond the powers delegated to the arbitrator, which it manifestly did.

But, even supposing the English government should have been of opinion that the Americans were bound to accept the award of the arbitrator, how was the obligation to be enforced? By going to war? That would have been exceedingly foolish. If it was not worth while to continue at war in 1814 for the sake of obtaining the whole territory in dispute, it certainly could not be advisable to commence fresh hostilities for the sake of securing one third part of it, which had been allotted by the King of the Netherlands; and any ministry that had taken such a course would not merely have been subjected to the attacks of Tory newspapers, but would have become the just objects of reprobation by the entire people of England.

With respect to the real merits of the boundary question, we intimated our opinion some twelve months ago; and nothing that has since come under our notice has tended in the slightest degree to change that opinion. That the English negotiators of the treaty of 1783 made a most improvident bargain, we do not doubt; that they were overreached by their more crafty American competitors is exceedingly probable;—but that they put their hands to a treaty giving to the U. S. the country now in dispute, is, we fear, but too certain, unless there are some facts in the case which have never yet come under our notice.

The article in the Times, to which we have already alluded, is founded upon a long letter signed "W. J. D. Waddilove," in which the claim of the English government, and indeed something more than its recent claim, is insisted upon with great confidence, but with a marvellous lack of facts and arguments. A great part of the letter is taken upon with an attempt to prove, by an extract from an account of the expedition of General Arnold against Quebec in the year 1775, that a certain ridge of hills at the head of the Kennebec river was then called "the heights of land," and that these were the "highlands" meant by the treaty of 1783. It is certainly a somewhat novel expedient to construe a treaty of peace by the aid of an unauthorised account of military operations; but, even if Mr. Waddilove had made out satisfactorily, that the ridge of hills crossed by Arnold at the head of the Kennebec was the true chain of highlands mentioned in the treaty, he would thereby only strengthen the American claim; for the hills at the head of the Kennebec are manifestly a continuation of the chain separating the waters flowing N. W. into the St. Lawrence, from those flowing S. E. into the Atlantic and the Bay of Fundy,—in short, the very highlands set up by the Americans as the true boundary. The whole letter is, in fact, mere trash; and we are astonished, that the Times should have given it insertion; much more that it should have founded a long leading article upon it; but the fact no doubt is, that tolerable arguments in favor of the English claim are exceedingly scarce; and, as the Times wanted a ground of attack upon the ministry, it accepted even the foolish letter of Mr. Waddilove.

The Morning Chronicle, of April 23d, also an Administration paper, says, in regard to the agreement of last winter:—

"So far, however, from wishing to urge hostilities upon a collateral question which will disappear of itself as soon as the present amicable negotiations have brought the really important question of the Boundary to a satisfactory settlement, Government have already (more than a month ago) sent out instructions to Mr. P. Thomson and Mr. Fox to enter into a fresh arrangement with the United States, clearing up all doubts as to the territory to be left provisionally under the jurisdiction and in the possession of the respective parties."

A Tory meeting was held at Glasgow April 15th, to the number of 300 persons, called together by Mr. Monteith, "for the purpose of putting them in possession of facts and views of the deepest importance," respecting the state of our [the British] foreign relations." Among those who addressed the meeting was Henry Parish, Esq. formerly secretary of Legation to the U. S. The following is an extract from a report of his speech which we find in the Glasgow Constitutionalist:—

"Mr. P. then read an extract of the alarming news, this morning arrived of the warlike preparations of the United States. So deep had been his anxiety, so confident his knowledge of the American people, that a month ago he had written to a gentleman at Bristol, whom he merely knew by reputation as the most intelligent and patriotic merchant there, to warn his fellow citizens of the necessity of a timely preparation against the coming storm. Mr. P. then pointed to the double blow which a war with the U. States would strike against the community of Glasgow itself; the Cotton of the Southern States being abstracted from the British market to the rival manufacturer of New England, and concluded with an emphatic appeal to every man present to apply himself, in the spirit of patriotism and truth to the instantaneous investigation of questions af-

fecting the dearest interests of life, property, and affections of every subject in this land—to bury the hatchet of party, and unite for the salvation of our common country—the noblest inheritance ever yet entrusted by beneficent HEAVEN to the industry and defence of man—(cheers)

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 26, 1840.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

The Federal papers seem to be somewhat agitated because the late Democratic Convention, held at Baltimore, nominated no candidate for the Vice Presidency, and even try, by argument, to convince themselves that there is really serious difficulty existing on this subject in the administration ranks,—a difficulty, too, which is calculated to jeopardise the success of Martin Van Buren. But they are calculating without their host,—it is all talk and "hard cider!" Notwithstanding there was some difference of opinion among the delegates as to whom should be the candidate for the Vice Presidency,—there was none as to the candidate for the Presidency.—MARTIN VAN BUREN was unanimously nominated. The feeling which governed the Convention, in relation to the Vice Presidency, was of the very best character, and gives assurance that they desired to take that course which would contribute most to the harmony and success of the Democratic party. There had been nominated by different States some three or four candidates, and as the Convention could not well decide on their conflicting claims, they chose to leave the subject open to be settled by the good sense of the States themselves. This course will have a tendency to strengthen, rather than weaken, the party. This, probably, is the reason why the Federal papers are so much agitated. They may imagine and calculate, on paper, the chances in favor of "Old Tip," but "tis no go,—a "hard cider" or "burnt brandy" won't save them from an overwhelming and disastrous defeat next November.

The Argus, in reply to the inquiry of "Oxford," published in our last, says:—"The Democratic vote in 1828, in the whole of Cumberland County, was 4699, and the Federal vote was 4633,—thus showing a Jackson majority in the County of 44 votes. The Democrats carried the District the same year, by a majority of 184. Oxford County, therefore, must allow 'Old Cumberland' to share with her the honor of having supported Jackson in 1828."

THE CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—The Belfast Journal says:—"We are willing to admit that Oxford has both 'pluck and bottom,' but as to her throwing a large or Democratic majority than Waldo, we say, 'You can't come it.' We accept the challenge, so scour up!"

Here's "go it," sister Waldo.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.—The question is often asked, (says the Hartford News and Advertiser) Who is the administration candidate for the Vice Presidency? We believe there are, at the present time, several candidates; but we much mistake the feeling of the great mass of the Democratic party, if they are not in favor of the present incumbent. No plausible reasons have been urged why he should not again receive the united support of the Democrats, and be re-elected. That the Democrats of Connecticut are in favor of Richard M. Johnson for this station, will hardly admit of a doubt.

A Southern contemporary makes the following inquiry:—"What will be thought in Europe of the intelligence of the American people, should they be simple enough to elect a man President of the United States who is so distrustful or incapable of replying to a common letter, asking his views on matters of common interest. The Israelites danced around a common calf,—the whigs are content to worship even a more perishable and worthless idol."

The following quotation is from the Worcester Palladium, and contains much truth in a few words:—"The whigs relish an attack upon their opponents, no matter how inappropriate or undeserved, as much as they do champagne and oyster suppers; but the slightest reflection upon one of their own party, is gall and wormwood upon their sensitive stomachs."

The New Bedford Register says,—"Charlestown, Mass. is in the hands of the Democrats! Hartford, Conn. is in the hands of the whigs. The one was the scene of the first battle for American liberty! The other the place where the enemies of that liberty assembled together for the purpose of betraying their country to its oppressors!"

ACCIDENT.—J. Q. ADAMS.—Intelligence was received at New York, from Washington, on Wednesday, 20th inst., stating that after the adjournment of the House of Representatives on Monday, the Hon. J. Q. Adams fell and broke his collar bone. No particulars mentioned.

A lady of Ohio has recently recovered \$130 damages from a gentleman for a breach of promise of marriage. The poor fellow offered in defence that the lady wore false teeth, but this availed him nothing.

He ought to have had her in spite of her teeth.

Extract from the Editorial correspondence of the Ohio Statesman.

Ever since the meeting of Congress, Mr. Van Buren has been gaining in strength in the House. A great many of the members, satisfied of the soundness of his principles and the honesty of his intentions from daily observation and intercourse with him and his cabinet, feel it a matter of conscience and duty to sustain him and aid his re-election. They are convinced of the utter futility of the charges daily and hourly made by the desperate calumniators, cotton speculators and bank dependents and Skylochs, who infect Congress and the whole country, singing doleful songs of ruin, brought about by their own grasping and headless conduct.

A federal editor in Vermont has recently had his head examined by a distinguished phrenologist. The editor of the Brattleboro' Democrat says that it presented all the bumps of a small potato.

VIRGINIA.—THE POPULAR VOTE.—The Pennsylvania publishes a table, showing the popular vote given at the late election in all the counties of Virginia, by which it appears that the Democrats have a majority in that State, of 3308 votes!

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The Delegates to the Democratic National Convention assembled at Baltimore on Tuesday. Felix Grundy called the Convention to order by moving that Isaac Hill of New Hampshire, should take the chair and General Dix, of New York, be appointed Secretary pro tempore. A committee, consisting of one member from each State, were chosen to select the permanent officers of the Convention. It appeared from the calling of the roll, that representatives from twenty-one States were in attendance. During the absence of the committee appointed to select officers, the Convention was addressed by Mr. Grundy, of the United States Senate, in a speech of great eloquence. Mr. Clay of Alabama, from the Committee of 21, to recommend suitable persons for officers for the Convention, reported:—

For President.—Gov. Wm. Carroll, of Tenn.
For Vice President.—Wm. T. Rogers, of Pa.
" " Gov. C. P. Van Ness, of Vt.
" " Wm. N. Edwards, of N. C.
" " Dr. Cha's Parry, of La.
" " John Nelson, Esq. of Md.
" " Hon. Alex. Moulton, of La.
For Sec'y.—Geo. A. Startweaver, of N. Y.
" " C. I. McNully, of Ohio.
" " C. B. Andrian, of N. J.
" " Albert F. Baker, of N. H.

The Report of the Committee was unanimously concurred in, and the President was conducted to the Chair.

The Chairman, on taking his seat, made a spirited and stirring address.

Mr. Hill then submitted the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to draft resolutions declaratory of the principles of the Republican party of the Union.
Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to prepare an Address in support of the principles of the Republican party of the Union.

Committees of one from each State were chosen by the Chairman to carry the resolutions into effect.

A committee was appointed to report on the subject of a nomination of candidates for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States, when the Convention adjourned to the next day.

WEDNESDAY, May 6.

The convention met pursuant to adjournment, when Mr. Burke made an address to the Throne of Grace.

Mr. Gillet, of New York, from the committee appointed to draft resolutions expressing the views and principles of the democratic party, reported that they had had that subject under consideration, and that they had instructed him to report the following resolutions. He was further instructed to say that the committee was entirely unanimous in favor of the propositions they submitted to the Convention. Mr. G. then read the resolutions in his place.

1. Resolved, That the Federal government is one of limited powers, derived solely from the Constitution, and the grants of power shewn therein, ought to be strictly construed by all the departments and agents of the government, and that it is inexpedient and dangerous to exercise doubtful constitutional powers.

2. Resolved, That the Constitution does not confer upon the general government the power to commence, carry on the general system of internal improvements.

3. Resolved, That the Constitution does not confer authority upon the Federal government, directly or indirectly, to assume the debts of the several states, contracted for local internal improvements, or other state purposes; nor would such assumption be just or expedient.

4. Resolved, That justice and sound policy forbid the Federal government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of another, or to cherish the interests of one portion to the injury of another portion of our common country—that every citizen and every section of the country, has a right to demand and insist upon an equality of rights and privileges and to complete an ample protection of persons and property from domestic violence, or foreign aggression.

5. Resolved, That it is the duty of every branch of the government, to enforce and practice the most rigid economy in conducting our public affairs, and that no more revenue ought to be raised than that required to defray the necessary expenses of the government.

6. Resolved, That Congress has no power to charter a National Bank—that we believe such an institution one of deadly hostility to the best interests of the country, dangerous to our republican institutions and the liberties of the people, and calculated to place the business of the country within the control of a concentrated money power, and above the laws and the will of the people.

7. Resolved, That Congress has no power under the Constitution, to interfere with or control the domestic institutions of the several states, and that such states are the sole and proper judges of every thing appertaining to their own affairs, not prohibited by the Constitution—that all efforts of the abolitionists or others, made to induce Congress to interfere with questions of slavery, or to take incipient steps in relation thereto, are calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences, and that all such happiness of the people, and endanger the stability and permanence of the Union, and ought not to be countenanced by any friend to our political institutions.

8. Resolved, That the separation of the monies of the government from banking institutions, is indispensable for the safety of the funds of the government and the rights of the people.

9. Resolved, That the liberal principles embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, and sanctioned in the Constitution, which makes ours the land of liberty, and the asylum of the oppressed of every nation, have ever been cardinal principles in the democratic faith, and every attempt to abridge the owners of soil among us, ought to be resisted with the same spirit which swept the alien and sedition laws from our Statute Book.

Mr. Grundy then moved that the question be taken on each resolution separately, which having been accordingly done, they were severally adopted unanimously.

The President inquired if the other committees were ready to report.

Mr. Hill, of New Hampshire, remarked that the committee on the Address had met together, and had agreed on one to present to the Convention by unanimous vote. The address, however, had a special reference to the nomination expected to be made, but as the committee had doubtless anticipated what that nomination would be, it might not be proper for the committee to report it at this time.

Mr. Clay, from the committee on the subject of the nomination of President, having risen to report, gave way to a member to move that on any vote for a nomination, the vote should be taken by States, in a ratio with the number of Electors to which they are severally entitled, which was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Clay then delivered a report containing two resolutions, one nominating MARTIN VAN BUREN as the democratic candidate for the Presidency, and the other that each State should be left to make its own nomination for the Vice Presidency.

THE BOUNDARY.—The Montreal Courier, alluding to a statement by a Maine paper, that Great Britain, in 1814, proposed a purchase of the disputed territory, sneeringly inquires where the evidence to that effect is to be found; and more than insinuates that the assertion is untrue. Let the Maine paper should not have the proof at hand, we refer the Courier to the correspondence and proceedings of the commissioners who negotiated the treaty of Ghent, as published both in England and in this country. For more convenient reference we would direct the Courier's attention to the report of the committee on foreign relations, made to the U. S. Senate on the 4th of July, 1838, and published in the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser of August 29 and 30, in the same year.—Com. Advertiser.

From the New York Sun.

AWFUL CALAMITY AT NATCHEZ.

The New Orleans papers of the 9th contains a brief account of the devastation of the city of Natchez, attended with the loss of some hundred lives, which occurred the preceding day, in consequence of a tornado which visited that devoted city. About two o'clock P. M. a dark cloud made its appearance in the southwest, preceded by a loud and continued roaring of the winds as it came on swiftly, and with the speed of the wind it was met by another, which was wafted directly from the opposite point of the compass. At the moment of the concussion large masses of seeming white spray were precipitated to the earth, followed by a roaring wind; houses were dismantled of their roofs, and immediately levelled with the earth. The air was filled with bricks and large pieces of timber, even large ox carts were uplified and thrown hundreds of yards from their original position. About sixty flat boats laying in port were driven from the shore and sunk. The ferry boat plying between Natchez and the opposite shore was capsized and sunk—every one on board is supposed to have perished. The steamer Hinds was capsized and sunk—all on board lost. The steamer Prairie had her cabin entirely taken off—nearly all on board lost. The two hotels in the city; one partially and the other entirely to the ground—almost every house near was more or less injured. It was impossible to tell how many were killed, as the streets were filled with large pieces of timber, rendering them impassable, and the work of extracting the bodies from the fallen houses was not completed when the Vicksburg, which brought the intelligence to New Orleans left.—Some fifteen or twenty bodies had been found. It was very difficult to find a landing, as every house under the bill except five or six was blown down, and the river filled with floating fragments of houses and flat boats. The tornado, in leaving Natchez, followed the course of the river about 8 miles down the coast—houses were levelled with the ground. The Court House at Concordia was wholly demolished, and the parish judge killed. The trees on the opposite side of the river, as well of those on Natchez island, were all torn up by the roots or deprived of their branches. The damage done to the crops was very severe.—Some plantations were deprived of all their fences, and others had their cabins taken away by the storm.

The average value of tobacco exported to Europe from Oct. 1835, to Sept. 1838, was \$267,794. The annual consumption of our tobacco in Great Britain is estimated at 13,000 hhds.

MARRIED.

In Hobron, by Elder John Tripp, Mr. Oliver THOMAS and Mrs. LAURA NELSON, both of Oxford.

DIED.

In Norway, Miss Eliza Whitman, aged about 40 years.

NOTICE.—This may certify, that I, the subscriber, have given my son Ransom Ripley, Jr., his time; that I shall pay no debts of his contracting, and claim none of his earnings from this date.

RANSOM RIPLEY.

Paris, May 5, 1840.

NOTICE.
All persons indebted to the subscriber, on account of one year's standing, are requested to make payment previous to the first of July next. All those who neglect this request, after that time will find their demands in the hands of those authorized for collection.
N. B. Do not neglect to call, for I must and SHALL do as I now say, and an arrangement is made to the contrary, with individuals concerned.
FRANCIS BEMIS
Paris, May 22, 1840.

NOTICE.

THE ASSESSORS of the town of PARIS, hereby give public notice that they will be in Session at their office on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, the TWENTY-NINTH and THIRTIETH INST., for the purpose of receiving the Valuation of all persons liable to be taxed in said town, who have not already given in their valuation for the present year.
Per order of the Chairman.
May 25, 1840.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Mexico.

NOTICE is hereby given to the resident and non-resident proprietors and owners of land in the town of Mexico, in the county of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the taxes for the year 1839, for County and Town Taxes, in Bills committed to me the undersigned Collector of said town of Mexico, and remain unpaid as follows:

Owner's names,	No. Acres,	Value,	Total Tax,
Wing,	2 3 40	100 1 26	
Lucas Park,	2 17 2	10 18	
J. S. Wheeler,	4 5 40	100 1 26	
S. B. Taylor,	1 7 50	100 1 26	
Unknown,	6 16 00	135 1 50	
	8 17 00	59 60	
	8 19 00	125 1 50	
	7 21 00	750 7 18	

The said Collector will proceed to sell, according to law, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the lot of Levi Abbott, within said town of Mexico, at one of the clock in the afternoon, on Saturday the twenty-second day of August next, so much of said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said taxes and the necessary intervening charges, if no person shall appear on or before that time, to discharge said taxes and charges.

HENRY F. DURGIN, Collector of Mexico, 1839.

Mexico, May 15, 1840.

Administratrix's Sale.

PURSUANT to a license from the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford, granted Oct. 15, 1839, will be sold at Public Auction, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, and charges of administration, at the residence of the subscriber in Bethel, in said County, on Saturday the twenty-seventh day of June next, at one o'clock P. M., all that piece or parcel of real estate, situated in Greenwood in said County, which was devised upon and set off to satisfy an execution, issued on a judgment recovered in the name of the subscriber, in her capacity of Administratrix of the estate of Ezra T. Russell, late of said Bethel, deceased, against Benjamin Russell, of said Greenwood, at the Western District Court, holden at Paris within and for the said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of November, 1839. Said real estate consists of about forty acres of land, and is a part of the Lot on which the said Benjamin lives.

PIEBE K. RUSSELL.

Bethel, May 20, 1840.

STRAYED from the enclosure of the subscriber, about the 20th of April last, eleven grey SHEEP, marked with a salt in each ear. Said Sheep were tagged. Whoever will give any information to the subscriber respecting said Sheep, shall be suitably rewarded.

JAMES S. BUCK.

Backfield, May 1, 1840.

NEW STORE.

THE subscribers having taken the Store formerly occupied by JAMES LONLEY, at South Paris, near the late of Anthony Bennett Esq., are now ready to accommodate such customers as feel disposed to patronize them on the most liberal terms. Their goods consist of an entire new stock, and comprise a general assortment, amongst which may be found,

A SUPERIOR LOT OF BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, BUCK-SKINS, SATINETTS, Etc. Etc.

Also, a large & carefully selected assortment of CALICOES, COPPER PLATES, and

GOLD CAMBRICS.

Silk Velvets, Fig'd & plain Satins, Gro de Swiss & Gro de Nap silks for dresses, Satinets, Cords, and Florence Silks, Bombazines, fig'd satin, Cambrics, &c.

Blk. Pongee, Bandanna, and Flag Hdkfs.

Ladies Blk. Silk GLOVES.

Ladies White Lace Do.

Gents and Ladies Kid Do.

Ital. Sew'g Silks and Twist.

Laces, Lace Footings, Edging and Quellings

Cap and Bonnet Ribbons,

Super. Irish Linens, Brown Linens and Selicia, Cambrics, Cambric Muslins and

Bishops Lawns,

Sheeting and Shirting Bleached and Unbleached—Ticking and Drillings, Corded Jeans for summer wear, Ducks, Fading and Canvas, Suspenders Elastic and Worsted.

Hats and Caps, Ladies Kid Slippers and walking Shoes.

Also a general assortment of W. I. GOODS, GROCERIES & HARD WARE together with other articles too numerous to particularise, all which will be sold low for cash or country produce.

Harnesses and Trunks kept constantly on hand. The Harness business will be carried on as heretofore and all who wish for a first rate article at a fair price will do well to call and examine for themselves.

D. S. HUBBARD, J. T. CLARK.

Paris, May 11, 1840.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of CROCKER & SHAW, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 26th day of March last. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to make payment to E. C. Shaw at the old stand, by the first of July next; otherwise their demands will be left with an attorney for collection, "and no mistake."

THOMAS CROCKER, E. C. SHAW.

Paris, May 11, 1840.

MILITARY CAPS, &c.

THE subscribers grateful for the liberal Patronage hitherto bestowed on them by the Military of the State, would respectfully give notice to the Officers and Soldiers of the light regiments in the State, that they have on hand a great variety of Samples of Caps of the latest Style; and will make to order for Companies at short notice on the most reasonable terms.

They will also furnish Companies with Knapsacks of the most approved patterns, cheap, and the cheapest as good as the best. Gentlemen should call, and contracting for Caps or Knapsacks are invited to call at

No. 50 MIDDLE STREET, WILSON & PUTNEY, Agents.

Portland April 16, 1840.

